

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

#60592-740(043)

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Return to Script Department
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
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FIRST DRAFT

January 27, 1984

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

#60592-740 (043)

CAST

SAM MALONE..... TED DANSON
DIANE CHAMBER..... SHELLEY LONG
COACH ERNIE PANTUSSO..... NICK COLASANTO
CARLA TORTELLI..... RHEA PERLMAN
CLIFF..... JOHN RATZENBERGER
NORM..... GEORGE WENDT
PHILLIP SEMENKO..... CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
VOICE #1.....
VOICE #2.....
STEVE..... STEVE GIANELLI

SETS

INT. BAR

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

#60592-740 (043)

TEASER

A

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

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EVERYBODY IS THERE BUT SAM AND CARLA. DIANE IS IN THE
BACK ROOM. COACH STEPS ONTO THE LANDING CARRYING A CLIPBOARD.

COACH

Okay, listen up. (READING FROM
CLIPBOARD) "When was the last time
you had a really good time?"

VOICE #1

'Bout thirty years ago for you,
right, Gramps?

VOICE #2

Your fly's open.

CLIFF

Come on, you guys. Let him talk.

COACH

(READING) "Time once again for the third annual Cheers picnic, to be held the seventeenth of the month, same place, noon 'til..." (LOOKS UP) Then I put down three question marks.

VOICE #2

You're a question mark.

LAUGHS FROM THE CROWD.

COACH

Come on, everybody. Let's get organized so we can have a good time. I'll need volunteers for the various committees. First, food. Who'll volunteer to take care of grub?

*

*

COACH LOOKS AROUND. THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, what the heck. I can do this one. (HE WRITES) "Ernie Pantusso." I did a pretty good job last year. At least no one complained.

VOICE #2

They were all too busy retching.

COACH

This brings us to the entertainment committee. Who wants to chair this baby?

*

COACH LOOKS AROUND, AND AGAIN, THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Now come on, entertainment's the heart and soul of the affair. (BEAT) Well, entertainment goes right along with food. (WRITES HIS NAME DOWN) "Ernie Pantusso". *
Now, we need captains for the softball * teams. I'll need two captains -- let's see hands.

ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, I can handle one of the teams. I've had the experience. (WRITES DOWN) "E. Pantusso". Who wants the other? *

ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

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Well, what the heck. I'm going to be out on the field anyway... (WRITES AGAIN) Now one last thing. I need somebody to head up transportation.

HE LOOKS AROUND.

COACH (CONT'D)

Got it. (WRITES) Thanks, and let's have a great picnic.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

(TURNS TO GO, THEN STOPS) Oh,
there'll be a meeting of committee
chairmen at my house tonight. Try
to be on time.

VOICE #2

You'll be the smartest one there,
Coach.

COACH

Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

B

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

CARLA ENTERS.

CARLA

Hello, everybody! Do you believe
this day? It's lovely, isn't it?
The birds are singing, the sun is
shining, and -- call me giddy --
but I'd like to think they're
singing and shining just for me.

EVERYBODY AT THE BAR EXCHANGES A LOOK.

CLIFF

*

It's a trick.

NORM

It's no trick. It's obvious an alien being's
using her body.

*

*

CLIFF

*

Who else would?

*

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COACH

Carla, are you okay?

CARLA

Yeah, I just came from the dentist's office. I'm so goofed on nitrous oxide, I feel like Mary Poppins with a feather in her drawers.

NORM

Well Carla, it's kind of nice.

CARLA

(CHEERFULLY) No, it's not. I had a tooth pulled, and as soon as it wears off, I'll be ready to tear some noses off. You'll be first, Goodyear.

SHE SMILES AS SHE PINCHES HIS CHEEK. CLIFF LAUGHS AT HIM *

CARLA (CONT'D)

(CHEERFULLY TO CLIFF) Then I'm going to rip that anchovy off your upper lip. *

DIANE ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM.

CARLA

Hey, Diane, you look so nice today. Are you doing something different to your hair?

DIANE

Why yes, I'm using a new rinse.

CARLA EXITS. DIANE COMES UP TO THE BAR.

DIANE (CONT'D)

How can that poor person be so happy
when she looks so much like Carla
Tortelli?

*
*
*

COACH

Beats me.

*

*

*

*

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DIANE

Coach, what's holding Sam up today?

COACH

Conventional low-rider briefs.

DIANE

Coach, no, I mean why is he late?

It's not like Sam to be so late
and not call.

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NORM

Aw, don't worry about it, Diane.
I'm sure he's got a good reason.

*
*

CLIFF

Yeah, maybe he's arguing a case
before the Supreme Court.

*
*

NORM

Yeah, or swapping saliva with a hot
babe.

*
*

CLIFF

Yeah, or maybe he's swapping saliva
with the Supreme Court.

*
↓
*

NORM

Good one.

*
*

THEY ROAR. SAM ENTERS.

SAM

Hi, everybody. Sorry I was late.

DIANE

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Where have you been?

SAM

Oh, I just had some errands to run.
Diane, I've got to tell you something
funny that happened to me this
afternoon. I was on my way to
(RUNNING WORDS TOGETHER QUICKLY)
Boston Beat magazine to be
interviewed as one of the twenty
most eligible bachelors in Boston
(SLOWS DOWN) and I saw this man and
this dog, but the dog wasn't
walking like a dog; he was up on
his hind legs like a man. Where's
a camera when you need one? Well,
we've all had a laugh, now let's
get back to work.

*

DIANE

Twenty most eligible bachelors?

SAM

What?

DIANE

Boston Beat and you agreed to
let them list you?

*

SAM

Hey, if I hadn't done that, I
wouldn't have seen that funny dog.

*

DIANE

Why would you want to be listed as an eligible bachelor? Isn't that for men who are actively seeking female companionship?

SAM

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No, not entirely. You know it's good publicity for the bar. And it gave me a chance to air some of my views on political issues.

DIANE

What political issues did you air views on?

SAM

Well, I said I thought nuclear war would be bad news.

DIANE

Ooh, you've stirred up a hornet's nest there, Sam.

SAM

Really? Well, I can always say I was misquoted.

DIANE

Oh I see, when they say eligible, they mean for a brain transplant.

SAM

I knew you'd make a big deal out of this.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

You make a big deal out of everything. All it is is a little tiny article about my life, my interests, and a nice simple picture of me. It's not like cheesecake.

DIANE

No, Sam. With men it's beefcake. If I posed, it would be cheesecake.

CARLA

If you posed, it would be crumb cake. (FEELING JAW) This stuff's wearing off.

DIANE

Sam, I don't care what you say. The fact that you did this shows you're not satisfied with me, even if on a subconscious level. I'm very hurt by it.

SAM

Diane, honey, don't be. I'm going to tell you something that's going to make you feel better.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

When this lady interviewed me for the magazine, one of the first things I told her was that I may be a bachelor, but I already found the girl of my dreams, and her name is Diane Chambers.

DIANE

Really, Sam?

SAM

Really. You want to call right now and check?

DIANE

Of course not. That's sweet.

SAM

(PICKS UP THE PHONE) No, do it. Call her now. Helen Castella, she's there now...

DIANE

I don't need to call. I believe you, I trust you, and I think it was a wonderful thing to do. (SHE KISSES HIS CHEEK)

SAM

I do too.

THEY LAUGH, AND DIANE EXITS INTO THE BACK.

CARLA

She bought that? I'd like to
sell her the Old North Church.

COACH

Good luck. I owned that for a
while, and it took me forever to
unload it. And boy, did I take a
bath.

SAM

I've really done it this time.

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

SAM

There's no way I'm going to get out
of this without an ugly fight.

CARLA

You were lying.

SAM

Through my teeth.

NORM

What are you worried about, Sammy?
She bought your story. When the
magazine hits the stands, tell her
it's not your fault the reporter
didn't mention your sweetie.

CLIFF

Yeah, it's foolproof.

SAM

Believe me, I'm just buying time.
She said she won't call, but she'll
call. There was a time when she
wouldn't call, but now she'll call.

COACH

Boy, Sam, you don't trust Diane very
much, do you?

SAM

Coach, it's gotten to the point I
can't trust a thing that woman says.

CLIFF

I can see why that would bother
you, Honest Abe.

*
*

NORM

Sam, can you name three differences
between your romance with Diane
and a blood feud?

SAM

It's not my fault. She starts things.
She's always telling me how to act,
how to walk, how to think. I'm
waiting for the time when she tells
me how to... you know what.

CARLA

15.
(B)

No woman would do that.

NORM

Oh yeah, Vera has diagrams etched on our headboard. Like on the gearshift of a car.

CLIFF

How demeaning.

*

NORM

Yeah, especially when I can't get out of neutral.

*

*

SAM

I don't know what it is, but it's gotten to where I do stuff I don't even want to do, but just knowing it's going to tick her off, I gotta do it. The angrier I think she's going to be, the more I enjoy it. Is that weird?

CARLA

No, no, we know the woman.

NORM

Hey, Sammy, how about a little romantic gesture, a little trinket to smooth the water.

SAM

Naw, I've done all that stuff before. I'm telling you, it's going to take a lot more than flowers or a candlelit dinner to shut her up this time.

COACH

I'm telling you, it's time to take a big step, Sam. I wouldn't ordinarily recommend this in a million years, but maybe it would help if you actually made physical love to her.

SAM

Aw, I don't think so, Coach. We're going to wait until we're sure how we feel.

COACH

You're an old-fashioned guy, Sam.

CARLA

You want to hear the most romantic thing I've heard a guy do in a long time?

SAM

Carla, you actually want to help us?

CARLA

Help you, hurt you, who cares. You're doomed anyway. I just thought you might be interested. I heard that Sally got mad at Burt 'cause he was thinking about doing another movie with Loni. So Burt, to make up for it, had someone paint a portrait of Sally.

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CLIFF

(SCOFFING) Thanks, Carla, for
keeping us up-to-date on
significant world affairs. (SOTTO)
I happen to know that Burt and Sally
are headed for the altar.

*
*

SAM

(THOUGHTFUL) You know, it's not
a bad idea. Having a portrait done.
That's just the kind of thing she goes
for. It's personal, it shows some
thinking, it's sensitive...

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CARLA

(TO CLIFF) The altar? How can Burt do that *
with the terrible secret he and Dinah still share? *

SAM

Just forget that, Carla. Help me
out here, guys. Where do I find
an artist to paint Diane?

CARLA

Better get a bad one. You sure
don't want it to look like her.

SAM

Carla, you know, your wisecracks
all the time don't make things any
easier.

CARLA

Yeah, you and Diane would be hitting
it off just great if I weren't here.

*

SAM

So where do I get an artist? Do
I go to a store or something like
that?

CLIFF

No, Sammy, we're not talking TV
dinners here. Of course you don't
go to a store. You gotta go where
the artists are... to an artist's
place.

NORM

You mean a colony.

CLIFF

That's exactly what I mean, Norm.

Thank you. I use the words "place"
and "colony" interchangeably.

COACH

You mean they could have called them
the "Thirteen Original Places?"

CLIFF

(TO CARLA) What's the terrible
secret Burt and Dinah share?

CARLA

I'm not going to tell you. In a
readers' poll, I voted they should
have more privacy.

CARLA GOES AWAY.

SAM

So where do I find one of these
artists' colonies?

COACH

Listen, let me cut this all short.
I happen to be a wonderful artist,
and I would be glad to paint Diane's
picture. It would be a challenge
but I'll welcome it.

SAM

I've never heard you mention this
talent before.

COACH

I'll show you what I can do. (HE
TAKES A NAPKIN AND PEN) Hold still,
Norm. (HE DRAWS FOR A WHILE, THEN
STOPS AND LOOKS AT IT) This stinks.

SAM

Yes, it does.

COACH

Oh, you know, it was my brother
who had the artistic talent. I was
the one who could eat things.

CLIFF

Why don't you demonstrate for us? *

(HE INDICATES THE NAPKIN)

COACH STARTS TO EAT IT, BUT SAM TAKES IT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

SAM

Could we get back to this artist
thing?

CLIFF

Wait a minute, I got it. I deliver
mail to this apartment building that
seems to cater to artistic bohemians.
There's an artist there who must be
good -- he's always receiving letters
from museums and galleries.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

In fact, just yesterday he received a
check in the mail for twenty-five
thousand, three hundred and twelve
dollars from a man named Sweeney.

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SAM

How do you know what was on the check?

*

CLIFF

As I was putting it in the slot, it
happened to pass in front of a three-
hundred watt bulb. Should I have him come in?

*
*
*

SAM

I guess I could talk to the guy.
You think he'd come over and bring
some of his pictures?

CLIFF

I'll give him a call. I usually
hesitate to use the awesome influence
placed in my hands by the Federal
Government, and the Almighty, but
I guess in this case, it's called
for. (PATTING HIS POCKETS) Anybody
got a dime? 'Til payday?

NORM GIVES HIM ONE. CLIFF STARTS TOWARD THE PHONE, THEN
STOPS. DIANE COMES IN, LOOKING UNEMOTIONAL.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Sure you want to go through with this, Sammy? Maybe the whole thing's blown over by now.

SAM

It'd be just like her to trick me and not call.

DIANE COMES UP TO SAM AT THE BAR.

DIANE

Sam, we've been very childish in the past.

SAM

We have?

DIANE

Yes, over things like this magazine article. I was just about to call that reporter and check your story, but I didn't, and I'm so proud I didn't.

SAM

Me, too.

DIANE

I know we're not perfect, and we're going through a difficult period now, but I just decided this is the perfect time to start fresh.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Let's cleanse our relationship, wipe the slate, be reborn. From this moment on, no more pettiness, no more suspicion, no more dishonesty.

SAM

(SURPRISED AT HER EMOTION) Okay, Diane, sure. You bet.

DIANE

It's very important to me.

SAM

You really mean that?

DIANE

I really do.

SAM

Okay. Okay, Diane. Then I'll start being honest right now. Remember I told you that I told that magazine reporter about you? I didn't tell her anything about you.

DIANE

I see.

SAM

But I wish I had.

DIANE

Thank you for respecting me enough to tell the truth. This is a very important first step.

SAM

Really?

DIANE

Yes.

SAM

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Well, actually, I'm lying again. I'm glad I didn't tell her, 'cause it would have made me look whipped. But if you want me to call her right now and tell her... I won't. I was going to say I would, but I won't, 'cause I like the idea of a lot of women looking at my picture and dreaming, "I want him".
That's just being honest, Diane.

*

DIANE

That's exactly what I wanted.

SAM

Great. This is going to be great. Why didn't we do this a long time ago?

DIANE

I don't know.

SAM TURNS AWAY. DIANE PICKS UP THE PHONE RECEIVER, WRAPS THE CORD AROUND HIS THROAT, AND STARTS TO STRANGLE HIM. SAM LOOKS AT CLIFF, WHO HOLDS UP THE DIME, NODS, AND GOES TO THE PHONE. SAM'S FACE TURNS BLUE.

COACH

Hurry, Diane. I'm expecting a call.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

C

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

THE REGULARS ARE THERE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SAM, DIANE,
AND NORM. COACH GETS UP ON THE PLATFORM.

COACH
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Please remember to sign up on the list over there before Thursday, if you're planning to attend the picnic. I'm expecting a last minute rush, so you'd better hurry.

CARLA PASSES BY THE POSTER, AND SHE GASPS.

CARLA

Hey, Coach, you actually got some names on here.

COACH

I do?

HE RUSHES OVER.

COACH (CONT'D)

Who we got?

CARLA

Martin Boreman, Jimmy Hoffa, and the twelve tribes of Israel.

COACH

What a turn-out. I need to order more weenies. How many people to a tribe? *

CARLA

I don't know, Coach. *

COACH

(TO THE BAR) Hey, Hoffa, Boreman, you like mustard? *

NO ANSWER.

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*

NORM ENTERS.

NORM

Afternoon, everybody.

USUAL GREETINGS.

COACH

Hey, Norm, what do you know?

NORM

Less than anybody but Cliff. Give me
a beer.

*
*

CARLA

How was dinner, Norm?

NORM

All of you listen up. Stay away
from that new restaurant downtown,
The Hungry Heifer.

COACH

They've been advertising that place
a lot. No good, huh?

NORM

Awful. They served me a terrible piece of meat, with a tough old potato, and soggy vegetables.

CARLA

Why didn't you send it back?

NORM

That's another thing, the service stinks. By the time the waiter asked me if everything was all right, I was through.

CLIFF

They should have given you another meal.

NORM

They did, and I hated every bite. That place has seen the last of me.

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PHILLIP SEMENKO ENTERS. HE'S A CHRISTOPHER LLOYD-TYPE. HE'S WEARING ORDINARY PANTS, BUT ON TOP, HE'S WEARING WHAT LOOKS TO BE AMERICAN INDIAN APPAREL. HE COMES DOWN TO THE BAR.

COACH

Can I help you?

SEMENKO

I am the artist... Semenکو.

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COACH

I am the eater... Pantusso. My brother was an artist. Did you know him?

*

SEMENKO

Well, here I am, prepared to pander to the taste of the tasteless.

COACH

Oh, you want to head the food
committee. Have you got a station
wagon?

CLIFF COMES IN FROM THE BACK ROOM.

CLIFF

He doesn't need a station wagon.
He can ride over in his birch
bark canoe.

SEMENKO

You're referring to my apparel?

CLIFF

Hey, no offense, Cochise.
Shall we say, it's a little out
of the mundane.

*

COACH

What is it?

SEMENKO

This is an Arapajo ceremonial tunic
worn by the village elders when they
hold council in their hunting lodge.
I earned it by letting them pierce
my flesh with wild turkey quills.

COACH

(INDICATING HIS OWN SHIRT) Mine's
J.C. Penny wash 'n' wear,
tapered tail. Salesman was a little
nasty, but I didn't have to go
through anything like that.

*

SEMENKO

I'm looking for Sam Malone. I was
told he was interested in buying
some of my work.

CLIFF

Oh, you must be Phillip Semenko.

SEMENKO

(PASSIONATELY) Yes, I must be.

CLIFF

Cliff Clavin, your mailman. We
finally meet face to face.

SEMENKO

I can die now.

CLIFF

You have a nice wit about you.

Thanks for coming down.

CLIFF SLAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

SEMENKO

I don't like being touched.

CLIFF

Hey, I understand, I don't like
being touched either.

CARLA

I'll bet neither one of you have
to tell that to a lot of people.

CLIFF

I kind of feel like I know you,
Mr. Semenko.. I'm your liaison to the...

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SEMENKO

(INTERRUPTING)
Where's this wealthy art collector

Malone you were talking about?

The man who wants to buy my children?

CARLA

What's that? You know someone

who buys kids?

SAM ENTERS.

CLIFF

There he is now. Sam, our artist
friend, Mr. Semenko is here.

SAM COMES OVER. HE PASSES CARLA.

CARLA

Talk to him quick, Sam. He's due
back in his crypt in ten minutes.

SAM

Mr. Smetma, I'm Sam Malone.

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

(REALIZING HIS ERROR) Uh... Smokmen?
Samkama?

SEMENKO

(RE: CLIFF) This walking fire
hydrant told me you were an
appreciator of modern art. I see
no evidence of that.

CLIFF

(CHUCKLING APPRECIATIVELY) Good one.

NORM

(RE: SEMENKO) Lucky find.

SAM

Well, he might have exaggerated a little
bit.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm actually just getting into art,
but I've heard good things about
you, and I thought you might be the
guy to get me out of the dog house
by painting a real nice picture of
my girl.

*

SEMENKO STARES.

SAM (CONT'D)

See, we had this fight. Actually,
we have millions of fights. You
know women. And I figured this
might help.

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT SAM.

SAM (CONT'D)

I think it's going to be real easy.
And I don't care how you do it, as
long as it looks exactly like her and you
have it by tomorrow. (TAKES SOME
PHOTOS OUT OF HIS POCKET) Here
are some snapshots I took while
we were up in the mountains. That's
her on the left.

*

HANDS SEMENKO ONE OF THE PHOTOS. SEMENKO DOESN'T EVEN PUT
HIS HAND OUT. SEMENKO IS JUST STARING AT SAM. THE PHOTO
FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SAM DOESN'T NOTICE.

SAM (CONT'D)

These were taken up in New Hampshire.

We got this great little cabin.

How about this funny hat I'm wearing,

huh? (LAUGHS)

PHOTO DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

SAM (CONT'D)

This one isn't very good. The sun's

behind her. I don't know, maybe it

will help.

SEMENKO LETS PHOTO DROP AGAIN.

SAM (CONT'D)

This one's got a good shot of the

cabin. You ever get up that way?

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

I guess not.

SAM GLANCES DOWN AT THE PHOTOS ON THE FLOOR, UP AT SEMENKO.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's okay to touch them on the edge.

SEMENKO

(FLABBERGASTED) Snapshots? Girl?

Funny hat?

SAM

Is there a problem?

SEMENKO

Your existence. I was told I was coming here to meet a wealthy art investor who could help fill my coffers. No -- I'm not above that ... yet! Instead, I find myself face-to-face with the nightmarish product of our floundering American educational system.

SAM

Hey, I don't have to take this -- do I?

CLIFF

Sam, Mr. Semenko, you two have a problem with communication. Perhaps I could serve as a broker of ideas between you. You see, Sam, Mr. Semenko's problem is that he's uncomfortable with the idea of using his talents in this crass and commercial way. And Mr. Semenko, Sam's problem is that he thinks Gainsborough is a brand of dog food.

SAM

Look, why don't we forget all about this. I'm not too crazy about your attitude.

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SEMENKO

You, sir, are an ignorant man.

You're all ignorant. I hate you all and all you represent. You are all, all stuff to fill graves with. I flee.

*

HE STARTS TO GO.

COACH

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Don't be a stranger.

SEMENKO HEADS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

CLIFF

(PUTTING HIS ARM ON SAM'S SHOULDER)

Don't feel too bad about this, Sam. I'm partly to blame.

SAM

Let's talk, Cliff.

SAM AND CLIFF EXIT INTO THE BACK ROOM. DIANE ENTERS JUST AS SEMENKO ARRIVES AT THE DOOR. HE STOPS AND STARES AT HER.

DIANE

Hello, everyone. I'm back. I'm sorry about storming off like that. I've had a chance to cool off.

DIANE COMES TO THE BAR. PUTS ON HER APRON. STARTS TO GET READY TO GO BACK TO WORK. SEMENKO FOLLOWS HER, STARING AT HER IN RAPTURE.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Carla, I hope the work load hasn't been too much for you. Coach, everyone, let's just continue. Life goes on as it should and must. And it's important to me that all of you know that I wasn't really trying to kill Sam, when I wrapped a telephone cord around his...

DIANE TURNS AROUND AND SEMENKO IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER, STARING AT HER. DIANE JUMPS INTO A KARATE STANCE.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(COMPOSING HERSELF) I'm sorry. Excuse me.

DIANE WALKS AROUND HIM TO GO TO A TABLE. LOOKS BACK AT HIM. HE CONTINUES TO STARE AT HER.

SEMENKO

Who is she? Who is that woman?

COACH

That's Diane.

SEMENKO

I'm going to put her face in every art history book in the world.

CARLA

She's already in the encyclopedia, under geek.

SEMENKO GOES TO THE END OF THE BAR WHERE HE CAN WATCH
DIANE MORE CLOSELY AND SITS DOWN. HE STARES AND STARES.
DIANE TRIES NOT TO APPEAR SELF-CONSCIOUS. SHE GETS MORE
AND MORE NERVOUS AS THIS GOES ON.

DIANE

(LOSING CONTROL AND GRABBING SEMENKO'S
TUNIC LAPELS) What? What, what, what?
What do you want from me?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SEMENKO

I'm Phillip Semenko, and I want
to paint you.

DIANE

(SCREAMS IN DELIGHT) You're Phillip
Semenko? You're wonderful. You're
gifted. I've seen your work, and
you're brilliant. And I love that Arapaho
ceremonial tunic. What are you doing here?

*
*

SEMENKO

Up to now, fondly remembering my bout with jaundice.

*

But then I saw you. I want you to be my next subject.

*

DIANE

No. You're kidding. Me?

SAM ENTERS.

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SAM

Hey Tonto, I thought I told you
to beat it.

SEMENKO

(TRYING TO IGNORE HIM) Please,
something important is happening.

SAM

(PUSHING HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR)
Look, the deal's off. No tickee,
no washee. Beat it.

SEMENKO

You have nothing to do with this. How dare you *
interrupt the artistic process at its very birth? *

SAM

Go peddle your B.S. somewhere else. Amscray. *
Vamooska.

DIANE

Sam, stop, this is Phillip Semenko.
He's a genius, and he's going to
paint me. I have never been so
excited in my life.

SAM

(PROUDLY) Yeah, it was my idea.

DIANE

Really, Sam?

SAM

You bet. I kind of felt bad about
that magazine thing. I thought
this would cheer you up.

DIANE

It's the most incredibly romantic
gesture I've ever heard of.

SAM

(SMUGLY) Aw, no big deal. You've
heard of this guy, huh?

DIANE

Everyone has, Sam. Are you sure
about this, Mr. Semenko?

SEMENKO

I've never been so sure about
anything in my life. I must
start our sessions together tomorrow. Maybe tonight. *

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Now hold it right there, Mr.
Seccerman, you don't have any
crazy ideas about Diane getting
nuded up for this, do you?

DIANE

Sam, don't be silly, of course,
he won't want me nude. But even
if he did, I'd do it. The man is
brilliant.

SHE POINTS AT SEMENKO. TWO PEOPLE IN THE BACK APPLAUD,
THEN STOP QUICKLY.

STEVE

Hey, Sam, warm up the set for the
fight.

SAM

Yeah, yeah, listen up for a second.

DIANE

I'm sure you're all aware of the
importance of this moment in my
life, and I'm glad you're all here
to celebrate it with me. A toast
to Mr. Semenko.

SHE RAISES A GLASS. EVERYONE ELSE RAISES THEIR GLASSES.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I have no idea in the world why he
would want to use me, but I'm honored.

SEMENKO

You want to know why? I'll tell you.

HE COMES UP TO DIANE TAKES HER FACE IN BOTH OF HIS HANDS,
STARES INTO IT INTENTLY.

SEMENKO (CONT'D)

You have an ancient soul, and it's
suffering. Suffering now as it has
never suffered before.

DIANE

Suffering?

SEMENKO

Yes, your spirit is imprisoned,
trapped, stretched on the rack
of a love that's destroying it.

I have to capture that, before it breaks you,
or you break free of its grasp.

*

*

BY THIS TIME, EVERYONE IN THE BAR IS LISTENING IN TOTAL
SILENCE TO SEMENKO. HE TURNS AND WALKS OUT OF THE BAR.
SAM AND DIANE LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

NORM

Guy's a little on the grim side,

isn't he? jacksonupperco.com

COACH

I'm glad. You need a serious-minded
person on the food committee, Norm.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO